

LIVING FOR THE FLAG.

A Beautiful Example of Devotion From Our War Records.

One of the most touching as well as the most beautiful examples of devotion to the flag is that of the records of our Civil War. The Sixteenth regiment of Connecticut volunteers after three days of the hardest and bloodiest of fighting became convinced that defeat and capture by the enemy was imminent. The ranks were depleted, and to hold out longer would only involve needlessly further sacrifice of life. But even in their hour of the fate of their battle scarred flag was torn, and cut into hundreds of small fragments, each piece being hidden about the person of some one of its brave defenders.

The survivors of the regiment, about 600 in number, were sent to a prison camp, where most of them remained until the end of the war, each cherishing his mite of the regimental colors. Through long months of imprisonment many died, and in all such cases the scraps of bunting guarded by the poor unfortunate were intrusted to the care of some surviving comrade.

At the end of the war when the prisoners returned to their homes a meeting of the survivors was held, and all the priceless fragments of the flag were sewed together. But a very few pieces had been lost, so that the sacred emblem was made nearly complete.

That flag, patched and tattered as it is, forms one of the proudest possessions of Connecticut today and is preserved in the state capitol at Hartford.

The same men who were alone ready and willing to die for it on the field of battle, but to live for it through long years of imprisonment in order that they might bring it back whole to the state that gave it into their hands to honor and defend.—St. Nicholas.

NAIL CHARACTERISTICS.

They are an Aid in Diagnosis of Diseases and Traits.

It is said that the moon at the base of the nail is simply an indication of good health and excellent circulation, while the white spots are always the accompaniment of an impaired nervous system. The common idea that an external application of vaseline will cure the white spots is erroneous, and those afflicted with the little "story tellers" would far better turn their attention to securing perfect physical health in the assurance that the spots will disappear with improved circulation.

It is not possible to create moons at the base of the nails. Frequently the moon is there, but through negligence it is covered by skin, which without attention will grow upward over the base of the nail.

It is not generally understood that the shape and appearance of the finger nails are carefully considered and form an important factor in the diagnosis of disease. Long nails are said to indicate physical weakness and tendency to lung trouble, and this tendency is aggravated where the nails are corrugated and yet more aggravated if they curve from the top back to the finger and across. Where the nails are long and thin they indicate bad circulation.

This short nail of nail, but shorter, denotes tendency to throat affection, rheumatism and the like.

Short, small nails indicate heart disease. Where they are short, flat and sunken you may look for nervous disorders.

The short nailed woman will criticize her friends and her foes, but she will criticize herself with the same severity. She is apt to be sarcastic and sometimes so quick at repartee that she appears almost brutal. The best dramatic and literary critics possess this type of nail.

Gold.

The first mention which we have of gold is in the eleventh verse of the second chapter of Genesis, or, in other words, 4,004 years before Christ. Gold was known to the Indians and Egyptians at a very early date. Herodotus tells that the invention of the coinage of gold belongs to Lydia, about 750 B. C. Authorities conflict about the first coinage of gold. Some say it was Milesians and some the Persians, but there are no records to show just when.

The Just.

Banaram of Persia bore the enviable title of the Just. The righteously decisions was seldom called in question. This title has been conferred on several monarchs among them being Castor, King II. of Persia, Ferdinand I. and James II. of Aragon, Hammurabi of "Arabian Nights" fame, Khosro of Persia, Louis XIII. of France and Pedro I. of Portugal.

A Colored View.

"Mammy," said Pickananny Jim, as he watched the meteors falling, "does you see all dat brightness comin' down?"

"Yes, indeed."

"I know what makes it. De culid angels has been put to work sweepin' up de golden city!"—Washington Star.

His Way.

Mr. Henryneck (peevishly). When tell me to do a thing, like a fool I go and do it. Mrs. Henryneck (acidly). No, you go and do it like a fool.

WOMEN CHESS PLAYERS.

Why None of Them is Mentioned in the Annals of the Game.

Ladies' chess clubs are being established in various parts of the country; special inducements are held out for their patronage by the promoters of national and international tournaments, and articles on the game appear regularly in journals which cater especially to them. Women have always played and taken part in the game, though probably never to the same extent as now. It is, therefore, remarkable that in the whole of its enormous literature there does not appear the name of any woman among the stars of the first, second or third magnitude. One may go through volume after volume containing thousands of games and not find a single one played by women which any editor thought worthy of a permanent record.

When the question has been raised before, it has been involved with the intellectual superiority of one sex over the other. Today the answer to this would be really inadequate and inconsequential. There are men in the ranks of players at the present moment who by no stretch of the imagination or the term can be said to occupy their position on account of exceptionally intellectual endowments. While the game always appeals to intellectual men and women, intellect is not the only factor which makes the great player.

A careful examination of the games of players whom the world recognizes as great reveals the fact that the facilities and qualities of concentration, comprehensiveness, impartiality, and, above all, a spark of originality, are to be found in combination and in varying degrees. The absence of these qualities in woman explains why no member of the feminine sex has occupied any high position as a chess player.

There are many women who are earnest students of chess whose knowledge of the theory, principles and all the accoutrements of the game is phenomenal. But mere knowledge can make nobody great. Taking results, good judgment is much superior to knowledge imperfectly applied.—London Saturday Review.

A WONDERFUL CALENDAR.

The Four Ages From the Theosophical Point of View.

There is nothing more wonderful in the chronological and time keeping line than the "Theosophical Calendar, According to the Secret Doctrine." From the theosophical point of view the four ages are as follows: Satya yuga (golden age), 1,728,000 years; treta yuga (silver age), 1,296,000 years; dvapara yuga (copper age), 864,000 years; kali yuga (iron age), 432,000 years. The total of these four ages makes one mahayuga, or great age, of 4,320,000 years. One thousand mahayugas make one kalpa, or day of Brahma, equal to 1,000 times 4,320,000 years. After the expiration of that unthinkable period of time the night of Brahma, equal in duration to the length of the day, comes on, and the earth vanishes from the plane of existence, the summit of a high peak. This was laboriously climbed, an executioner with the bag of buzzing bugs in the lead. With due regard for the responsibility and justness of their act, the wise men approached the edge of the precipice. The wise men, ignorant and hasty, dashed to pieces on the rocks, shards of feet below. The executioner hung over the crag, the bag, too downward, was opened and the bugs shaken out to their death. But instead of falling like so many lumps of lead, as they ought to have done on such an occasion, the bugs, to the amazement of all, spread their wings and flew away.

FATE OF THE JUNE BUGS.

Awful Punishment That Was Decreed by an Ancient Council.

"Berne has an official collector of June bugs," writes a correspondent of the Chicago News from Switzerland. "This personage is appointed by the city council when the triennial pest of June bugs occurs, and he is empowered to destroy all the insects that may be brought to him. Each owner of a small estate is obliged to gather five pounds of bugs, and those who happen to be the proprietors of larger pieces of property must collect proportionately more. For each pound that is missing from this obligatory amount a fine of 10 cents is imposed, but if more than the required quota is forthcoming a premium of 2 cents a pound is paid. This remuneration is offered also to others besides the property owners. A punishment which forbids the neglects to gather any bugs at all is subject to a fine of from \$5 to \$10. School children receive permission to enter large estates, where they shake the trees and poke long sticks about in their endeavor to dislodge as many bugs as possible.

In times of old, the ancient chroniclers tell us, it was the custom to attempt to rid the country of these unwelcome visitors by citing them into court and by banishing them from the country, but the wily insects failed to obey the summons and continued to fly about in the face of the law, laying eggs promiscuously and contrary to every sense of justice. All they could be permitted to make a terrible and lasting example of all the insects found within its borders. With considerable expenditure of time and patience quantities of bugs were collected and placed in a huge sack. Deliberation was held as to the fate of these hard backed prisoners. Ordinary death was considered too light a punishment for such offenders. A hideous end must be devised.

A procession of the inhabitants of the village, advisers and counselors, wise men and children, wended its way slowly toward the place of execution, the summit of a high peak. This was laboriously climbed, an executioner with the bag of buzzing bugs in the lead. With due regard for the responsibility and justness of their act, the wise men approached the edge of the precipice. The wise men, ignorant and hasty, dashed to pieces on the rocks, shards of feet below. The executioner hung over the crag, the bag, too downward, was opened and the bugs shaken out to their death. But instead of falling like so many lumps of lead, as they ought to have done on such an occasion, the bugs, to the amazement of all, spread their wings and flew away.

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SLIPS OF NOVELISTS.

LEGAL MISTAKES THAT HAVE BEEN MADE BY GREAT AUTHORS.

Dickens and the Previous Case of Bardell Versus Pickwick.—The Trial Scene in Read's "Hard Cash." Trollope's Dip into the Law.

"Legal fiction," says one of Gilbert's godmothers, "are solemn things." Yet it is curious how seldom a novelist ventures into a law court without driving his quill through acts of parliament and rules of law alike.

That Dickens' knowledge of law, like Mr. Weller's of London, was "extensive and peculiar" is amply demonstrated by the famous case of Bardell versus Pickwick. Students of that report may have been struck by the fact that neither plaintiff nor defendant appeared in the witness box. The explanation is that at that time parties "upon the record" were not competent witnesses, their interest in the case being regarded as too strong a temptation to, shall we say, inaccuracy. But had Dickens been a lawyer Mr. Winkle and his friends might also have been spared the ordeal of cross examination and their friends and admirers deprived of many a pleasant moment.

In his efforts to satirize the abuses of cross examination Dickens overlooked the legal rule that the counsel who calls a witness is not permitted to cross examine him at all, but, on the contrary, is bound by his answers; therefore had Sergeant Buzfuz permitted the Pickwickians to be called as witnesses for the plaintiff (which he would have known better than to do) their version of the words heard through the door "on the jar" must have been accepted, and at the first attempt to budge either of them it would have been the learned counsel for the plaintiff who received his lordship's injunction "to be careful."

But all lovers of Dickens will rejoice at his ignorance of the rule which forces counsel never to call a hostile witness. Who could bear to be deprived of the evidence of Mr. Samuel Weller?

Exactly the same mistake is made by Anthony Trollope in his well known novel "The Three Clerks." There the hero, Alasic Tudor, is placed upon his trial for misappropriating trust money and defended by that famous leader, Mr. Chaffanbrough, of the Old Bailey. Tudor's Mephistopheles, the Hon. Uncle Decimus Scott, is called, much against his will, as a witness for the defense, cross examined by the celebrated Chaffanbrough, forced to confess his misdeeds and dismissed, to be subsequently expelled from his club—poetic justice which would have been defeated even by a chairman of quarter sessions.

The great theoretical and practical knowledge of law possessed by Charles Reade saved him from this error, as from many others. Yet the famous trial scene in "Hard Cash" would have been ruthlessly deprived of its most dramatic moment by any judge of the high court. When the hapless Alfred Hardy, who had been so unfairly imprisoned in a asylum by his wicked father, comes at last to establish his sanity before a jury, his case is closed by the reading of a letter from his dead sister. Writing at the point of death, she solemnly denies his insanity and begs him to show his words to his accusers when she is no more. Read alone by the judge himself, her letter reduces a crowded court to tears and goes far to secure her brother a triumphant verdict, with heavy damages.

"Hard Cash" is termed "a master of fact romance," but as a matter of fact and law, no such letter could have been received in evidence. Knowing that, under ordinary circumstances, such testimony would be inadmissible, Reade is careful to establish that the writer knew herself to be dying; but he was unaware that a "dying declaration" is only admissible in evidence upon a claim of insanity or malingerer of the person who has made it, and cannot be laid before the jury in any other case whatever.

Numerous and entertaining are the trial scenes which adorn the works of Mrs. Henry Wood, but they hardly profess to be strictly accurate. Let me point, rather, to an interesting slip on the part of that most careful of novelists, David Christie Murray, who shares to some extent the popular confusion on the subject of the law of libel and slander. His powerful story, "A Capital O' Nails," has for its hero a working nailer, who becomes an agitator on behalf of his much oppressed class. In consequence of a speech denouncing an unscrupulous employer he is prosecuted on a charge of criminal libel; but, thanks to a faithful friend and a smart lawyer, he emerges triumphantly.

No fault can be found in this case with the way in which the villain is cross examined to prove his innocence. The difficulty is that such prosecution could have been instituted at any time. You may slay a man in defamatory speech, but to libel him you must write, print or otherwise permanently record your defamation of him, and though libel and libel alike may expose you to an action for damages, it is libel alone that can bring you within the grasp of the criminal law.

It is difficult to uphold this distinction. A libel is regarded as a public crime as well as a private wrong because it tends to provoke a breach of the peace, but one would think as much might be said of slander. Still the distinction exists, and the aggressor who confines his attack to words may suffer in purse, but not in person.

There are a few of the slips to which the novelist is liable who unwarily trespasses upon legal preserves.—Pearson.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

CONGRESSIONAL.

For Members of Congress—

T. F. MARSHALL, of Dickey.

A. J. GRONNA, of Nelson.

STATE.

For Justices of Supreme Court—

D. E. MORGAN, Ramsey, 6 years.

JOHN KNAUF, Stateman, 4 years.

Governor—

E. Y. SARLES, of Trall.

For Secretary of State—

A. L. BLAISDELL, of Ward.

For State Auditor—

H. L. HOLMES, of Pembina.

For State Treasurer—

ALBERT PETERSON, Sargent.

For Attorney General—

T. F. McCUE, of Foster.

For Commissioner of Insurance—

E. C. COOPER, of Grand Forks.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction—

W. L. STOCKWELL, of Walsh.

For Commissioner of Agriculture—

W. C. GILBREATH, of Morton.

For Commissioners of Railroads—

C. S. DEISEM, of LaMoure.

ERICK STAFNE, of Richland.

SIMON WESTBY, of Pierce.

COUNTY.

Sheriff—J. C. DREW

Treasurer—HANS LEE

Auditor—W. E. WYGABROAD

Register of Deeds—W. E. KELLOGG

Clerk of Court—J. E. BAKER

States Attorney—E. E. CASSELS

County Judge—GEO. H. FAY

Superintendent of Schools—G. M. LOVELL

County Commissioner 2nd Dist.—R. E. GRIMSON

County Commissioner 3rd Dist.—E. F. STEVENSON

County Commissioner 4th Dist.—C. W. SULLIVAN

Representatives 25th District—C. B. ANDREWS

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HANS LEE,

County Treasurer.

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HORSE SHOEING PLOW WORK

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MEADOW QUEEN HAY STACKERS

(both Swinging and Over-shot.)

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Sporting Goods

and all the leading

MAGAZINES

ED. N. LEIBY

SHARPENING A PENCIL.

In This Act, It is Said, You May Head a Man's Character.

No woman may marry a man till she has seen him sharpen a lead pencil. She can tell by the way he does it whether he is suited to her or not. Here are a few sensible rules for her guidance in this matter:

The man who holds the point toward him and close up against his shirt front is slow and likes to have secrets. He is the kind of man who when finds the dearest girl in the world finds out that she is a secret. He likes to be told his secrets, and asks him who they are and what he means by calling on them will assume an air of extreme dignity.

The man who holds the pencil out at arm's length and whistles away at it, bit or miles, is impulsive, jolly, good natured and genial.

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ONE FARE PLUS \$2.00

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Minnesota, North Dakota, Manitoba, Western Ontario and the Canadian Northwest

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Montana and Idaho, Northeastern Oregon, Eastern Washington and Eastern British Columbia

See the finest agricultural lands in the Great Northwest. Low rates afford an excellent opportunity to secure a farm in a rich and growing country, where yields are large, where excellent markets are near at hand and where irrigated districts present splendid opportunities and sure crops. Tickets bear final return limit of 21 days, with liberal stopovers.

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Sweeney & Hyde,
MERRICOURT, NORTH DAKOTA

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON XIII; THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 23.

Text of the Lesson, a Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Luke iv, 32—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. S. Kearney

Copyright, 1906, by American Sunday School Association.
LESSON I.—Jesus and the children (Matt. xvi, 1-4). Golden Text, Matt. xvi, 14. "It is not the will of your Father, which is heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." The disciples often talked about being great, but Jesus always taught humility for the believer in this present life. And our greatness was to be seen in His own came, in the kingdom. In the resurrection, at His second coming, we are told that His own can never perish, and that angels are our guardians, angels who behold the face of God.

LESSON II.—The duty of forgiveness (Matt. xviii, 21-35). Golden Text, Matt. xviii, 12. "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." While there is nothing to be done on our part to obtain the forgiveness of our sins (Acts xix, 8), we are told that we will enjoy that forgiveness now in fellowship with God unless we from the heart are freely giving others as God for Christ's sake gives us.

LESSON III.—The good Samaritan (Luke x, 25-37). Golden Text, Matt. v, 7. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." The law is as helpless to deal with a sinner as was the priest and the Levites. It passed by the man who was in need, but He who is the law of the law for righteousness to every believer took the sinner's place, and by His own work saves His life and cure for him.

LESSON IV.—Jesus teaching how to pray (Luke xi, 1-13). Golden Text, Luke xi, 1. "Lord, teach us to pray." There is nothing within our reach so great as prayer, and if we only knew and trusted our Heavenly Father we might as He would like us to do. Many wondrous answers to prayer would see in accordance with John xiv, 13; 14; 15, 7, 8; xxii, 3; Ps. lxxi, 5. But it must be a whole hearted seeking and for the glory of God in the interest of His kingdom.

LESSON V.—Jesus dines with a Pharisee (Luke xiv, 1-14). Golden Text, Luke xiv, 11. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Our Lord seems to have accepted every opportunity to meet the different classes of people who opened their doors to Him, but He never failed to be faithful and true in His teaching, so that He could easily find a sick and a weak for His audience, and also for the hosts of gypsies and also doing good to the poor.

LESSON VI.—False exercises (Luke xiv, 15-24). Golden Text, Luke xiv, 18. "And they all with one consent began to make excuse." Men seem to think it doing God a favor to accept His Son and His salvation and His kingdom. They are so occupied with their own affairs, home or business, that they have neither heart nor time for God, and not until it is forever too late will they know what they have lost.

LESSON VII.—The parable of the two sons (Luke xv, 11-32). Golden Text, Matt. viii, 12. "The Son of Man is not come into the world to call the righteous, but to call sinners." The great complaint of God is that people do not know Him, and the Lord Jesus sums it all up in His prayer in these words, "O! righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee" (John xvii, 25). Some are as dead as a piece of metal, some are like the wandering sheep and many are like these brothers, neither of whom knew their father.

LESSON VIII.—The judge, the Pharisee and the publican (Luke xviii, 1-14). Golden Text, Luke xviii, 13. "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." He who

spent so much time in prayer and knew its power and privilege is ever urging us to do the same and continue our prayers. If we were to fall in accord with God as He was, what answers we would have, but true prayer implies a conscious need, an emptiness, like that of the publican.

LESSON IX.—The rich young ruler (Mark x, 17-31). Golden Text, Matt. xvi, 24. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." This man in his earnestness and zeal might seem to illustrate true prayer, but he went away without life eternal, for he was too much occupied with his possessions and with himself; he was really an idler. Riches are more apt to be a curse than a blessing.

LESSON X.—The blind man and Zacchaeus (Luke xix, 10-25; xix, 10). Golden Text, Luke xix, 10. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Not Bartimaeus, who was one of the two healed as He left the city, but the one healed as He entered the city. These three blind men and Zacchaeus all illustrate true seekers, for they all obtained what they sought and more. The blind were poor and empty, and Zacchaeus was rich, yet unlike the rich ruler, he esteemed Christ more than his riches.

LESSON XI.—Jesus enters Jerusalem in triumph (Matt. xi, 1-17). Golden Text, Matt. xxi, 9. "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." The literal fulfillment of prophecy, of which we have an illustration, must be firmly held to in all our Bible study. It is also a fulfillment of just a little fulfillment of other predictions in Zechariah such as 4, 10-12; vll, 23; xiv, 4, 5. The scripture cannot be broken; the scripture must be fulfilled.

LESSON XII.—Jesus silences the Pharisees and Sadducees (Mark xii, 13-27). Golden Text, Mark xii, 17. "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." The scriptures settle all difficulties for those who are subject to them, and those who will not have God as their authority may take Caesar, but must abide by the consequences.

We have added \$4,000.00 worth of brand new goods and we are prepared to supply your wants.

Get our prices on Paints and Oils before you buy.

THE GOALS OF POLAND.

Honest, Hospitable and Brave, but Obstinate and Quarrelsome.

The character of the goals has nothing in common with the humble peasants of the low country. In their good qualities and faults they rather resemble the proud noblemen of Poland. They are adventurous, enterprising, pliable and obstinate, brave and chivalry, on which one may always count. But their defects are grave. Obstinate and quarrelsome lead to strife, to bloody fights, the lack of thrift is frequent among them and superstitions hang them at every step. They love nature and in their songs praise the gigantic peaks, streams and mountains of their realm. They build their houses facing Tatra, which they constantly observe and consult about weather conditions. A peasant cannot live without his mountains, and if he sometimes leaves them homesickness will soon bring him back.

They are very religious, but their Christian faith is mixed with old superstitions mingled with weird, often very picturesque usages which have their origin in the old Slavonic paganism. So, for instance, on St. John's night Sobota is celebrated by burning torches on fields and hills and by dancing, a festivity which in pagan times was held on the summer solstice of St. John, the god of sun, fire and light.

Every holiday from every house various kinds of food are brought from the church to be blessed by the priest, or to the priest, accompanied by a sexton, goes to the house, where on a long, white covered table, cake, eggs and venison await his blessing. This is called swiocene. The table remains covered with food for a week to await all friends of the house that may come.

The Polish people during the month of August suffer soft infections, and their dialect resembles the old Polish of the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

The picturesque and practical costume of the goals consists of a coarse linen shirt fastened with a brass brooch; a serdak, which is a sleeveless sheepskin jacket of a reddish color, richly decorated with applique ornaments of colored leather and silk embroidery and lined with fur; tight fitting trousers of coarse, whitish, homespun cloth.

A black, worn usually over one shoulder, is a wide leather sandal (perce) complete a costume that weighs from thirty-five to thirty-eight pounds, but is a good protection against cold and the rain which in these regions is frequent, for twenty days in a month are at least drizzling.

—W. T. Benda in Century.

Port Saratoga.

With the history of Old Saratoga the names of Schuyler and Livingston are closely associated. Fort Saratoga was built in 1777 by Major Peter Philip Schuyler, and Captain John Livingston, who was then in command.

A small settlement which suffered many vicissitudes during the troublous times of the next hundred years. Lying on the thoroughfare from Canada to New York, this northern valley of the Hudson was always in dispute in the French and Indian war, and in the Revolution until the great battle of Saratoga—the first victory over which the American flag waved, and one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world. The actual battleground is several miles away from the settlement and is marked today by many stones recording the brave deeds of our countrymen. The house still stands in which Arnold was confined as prisoner and from which he escaped in time to help turn the tide of battle toward victory.—Four Track News.

A Too Familiar Scene.

Seeing snakes is a common experience with the inhabitants of India and is unconnected with any suggestions of superstition. An English nurse tells of a little boy who lived in the next bungalow to hers and had his bread and milk every day on the veranda sitting in a child's high chair. One morning, hearing him talking and crying to himself, she was surprised to find him looking at the ceiling with his mouth open, saying, "Naughty, naughty!" The snake was drinking the milk out of the bowl, paying no heed to the child. In that mysterious country the snakes may be heard rustling across the verandas and have an undying habit of shedding their skins away.

—A. G. H. in the New York Times.

On the 16th of August, 1807, Colonel Michel Ney, duke of Elchingen, having received orders to charge, turned his horse and galloped to them in a voice of thunder.

"My lads, I have an income of 300,000 francs, and you haven't a farthing. Keep your eye on your colonel" as he charges, and do as he does."

Saying so, he rode off as hard as he could tear in the direction of the enemy. The whole regiment followed him as though electrified.

He Showed the Way.

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Modern Cannon.

In modern high velocity cannon the power of the gases at the moment of firing generates tremendous heat. It is estimated that this heat runs as high as 8,000 degrees and even 9,000 degrees.

The white heat gases eat away the steel lining of the guns in much the same way as streams of boiling water eat away a block of ice.

—A. G. H. in the New York Times.

Johnnie—Pa, equine is a horse, isn't it?

Father—Yes, Johnnie—And cow is a kind of an ox, isn't it?

Father—Yes, a sort of an ox. Johnnie—Than what is an equinox?—Philadelphia Recorder.

—A. G. H. in the New York Times.

Danger in Soap.

A Philadelphia boy who was washing his face got soap in his eyes, fell off a step and broke his elbow. Small boys can show this to mamma.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Politeness is a coin destined to enrich those who give it away.

LIVING ON AN ACRE.

How It Would Help the Man of Family and Little Money.

A family with a modest home situated in the country or in a small town where the work has to be performed by members of the family who are occupied during the long hours of the day at various occupations, will produce almost everything used in the family. An acre of ground thoroughly well cultivated with a little chicken yard and a garden will reduce in a remarkable way the expenses of the family.

Of course acre lots are impossible inside of the city limits or even very close to the city limits. The person seeking so large a lot must go to a considerable distance from the business center, but the extension of electric lines and the use of motor vehicles will make it a considerable distance from the place of employment. A man who earns \$2.50 to twice that sum a day and who has a family consisting of a number of children often finds some difficulty in bringing them up properly and giving them the kind of an education he would wish. Such an investment as this, saving rent of \$20 a month and yielding eggs, milk, vegetables, fruit, etc., is as comfortable as the old fashioned log cabin.

So, for instance, on St. John's night Sobota is celebrated by burning torches on fields and hills and by dancing, a festivity which in pagan times was held on the summer solstice of St. John, the god of sun, fire and light.

There are three varieties of these very painful sores,

A. One of which is an inflammation of the skin at the joint of the finger. The skin varies with the size of it—that is to say, with the portion of the finger involved. It may affect the skin only, the tendons or sinews or the fibrous covering of the bone—the periosteum.

A superficial whitch, when the skin is affected, is painful, but when it is not a very serious matter. But this cannot be said of the other two forms.

In the tendinous whitch the tendon is in the fibrous sheath surrounding the tendon, and unless the inflammation quickly subsides or the matter is let out by the surgeon's knife the tendon will burst down through the sheath and will be exposed which is a permanent crippling of the member.

The third variety—called by physicians the subperiosteal—is that in which matter forms beneath the membrane which covers the bone. As this membrane is tough and inelastic the tension due to the increasing volume of matter becomes very great and gives rise to a great amount of redness and swelling pain.

The relief afforded by a cut into this inflamed finger right down to the bone is magical, although the cut hurts. This is the only treatment for this form of felon, and the incision should be made early, for if it is too long delayed the bone will be killed and a discharging sore will remain which will later necessitate a surgical operation even if it does not result in the loss of the finger.

The superficial whitch is not usually call for such radical treatment. A clay poultice often affords great relief. This may be made by baking a paste of clay previously sterilized by baking in a very hot oven and adding glycerin to prevent too rapid drying, or the clay may be obtained ready prepared in the drug store. This protects the finger from injury, keeps it cool and, if applied early enough, may prevent the formation of a felon. When once pastes have formed, however, no matter what the variety of the felon, the safest plan of treatment is to cut into the inflamed finger and give exit to the confined matter and relieve the tension of the parts.—Youth's Companion.

CARE OF CANARIES.

A piece of cattle bone is needed always, and now and then a lump of sugar.

Guard the cage from draft, from exposure to cold at night and also from too much heat.

Canary seed principally should be given, then a sow and then a little rape seed is beneficial.

Do not use a painted cage. The bird will peck the cage more or less, and the paint thus imbibed is very injurious.

The larger the cage the better it is for the birds, and if not it should be cleaned and dried before putting them into it.

Avoid frightening the birds in any way.

It is very easy to have them know you and welcome your coming, but they do not like to be handled.

The cage should be thoroughly cleaned every morning, placing a piece of clean brown paper, not newspaper, on the bottom. Perches should also be washed daily.

The Best Weight Guessers.

Butchers are the world's best weight guessers. The butcher's difficult trade gives him a skill in weight guessing that is almost incredible. It is a commonplace in a butcher shop to see a butcher take hold of a great calf's head of beef and shake it with a great noise for four pounds just, or two and a half pounds just, or six pounds just, according to the order. The buyer of meat wants to get the weight he asked for, no more and no less, and he wants this weight in one piece, not in one big piece and two or three little ones. To satisfy the buyer the butcher has been compelled to acquire extraordinary skill in judging just how much a certain portion of a round of meat weighs and in cutting off that portion smoothly and accurately.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Most Nutritious Food.

The one which would best fulfill the requirements of life and strength would be substantial slices of whole meal wheat bread, eaten with crust and spread with good butter. Practically all the constituents necessary for the support of life and the building up of tissue are contained in this food. It has the further advantage of being extremely satisfying. If fresh milk or buttermilk were drunk with it an almost complete diet would be obtained, so far as the mere sustenance of physical health and strength was concerned.

Underground Streets.

A modern city's experiences with underground streets are not unique. More than three centuries ago Bristol, England, had to face a situation somewhat similar. On its visit there Pepys noticed that the only carts allowed in the streets were those that could be drawn by dogs, for Bristol had deep cellars beneath its streets and stored its wealth there—rum, tobacco and Bristol milk, the sherry that is still mysteriously tapped.

The Love of Liberty.

That we should wish to see the people of other countries live in a natural and at least as comfortable as that one king should wish to see the kings of other countries maintained in their despotism.—Thomas Jefferson.

He'd Be a Winner.

Mr. Benham—You'll surely win your love if you carry him around in your arms. Benham—Yes, I'll win it in a walk.—New York Press.

By F. S. GODDARD.

OFFICIAL PAPER CITY OF ELLENDALE
COUNTY OF DICKENS.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

All subscribers will be considered regular and
a paper containing the name of the subscriber
will be required to pay for the full
year the paper is excepted.

Entered at the Postoffice at Ellendale, North
Dakota, as second-class mail matter.

ELLENDALE, N. D., SEPI. 20, 1906.

Richard Croker is coming home to
campaign for Bryan. Something
alarming happens to the Colonel just
when his prospects are brightest.

Preparations are being made by the
treasury department and the de-
partment of agriculture to issue two
volumes on denatured alcohol, which
will be received with a great deal of
interest by almost everybody in the
country. The free alcohol law for
which the country is so largely in-
debted to Hon. Tom Marshall will
not go into effect until the 1st of
January, and when it does, it will at
first benefit the larger distillers, and
for all probability it will be impossible
for the bureau of internal revenue to
extend the government inspection to
distilleries turning out less than 500
gallons of alcohol per day. However,
the consumer will get the benefit of
a new and cheap source of light-heat
and power. It is especially in this
connection, that the forthcoming
pamphlets of the agricultural depart-
ment will be of very general interest.
The department has commissioned
Professor Charles Lucke, of Columbia
University, New York, to study the
adaptability of alcohol for internal
combustion engines, such as are used
in boats, automobiles and for almost
innumerable purposes where small
and cheap power plants are necessary.
It is understood from the first re-
ports of this investigation, and from
the experiments which have already
been made in Europe, that alcohol
will develop about 5 to 8 per cent
more power than internal combustion
engine than will gasoline. In addition
to this, it makes a fuel that is
more responsive to spark control and
the supposition is that it can be
manufactured cheap enough to com-
pete with petroleum products as a
source of power and furnish new and
profitable crops to the farmer. Ex-
periments are now being made by the
agricultural department with what is
known as the "stock potato", which
is the source from which much alcohol
is manufactured abroad. One
and one-quarter bushels of this
potato will produce a gallon of alcohol
and the supposition is that this alcohol
can be sold wholesale about as
cheap, if not a little cheaper, than
the prevailing price of petrol, or
motor spirit. All that there is to be
known on the subject of alcohol, its
heating capacity, its lighting effi-
ciency when burned with a gas mantle
and its potentiality as a power fuel
will be included in the forthcoming
bulletin of the agricultural depart-
ment. There will doubtless be a
large demand for this work, and its
popularity is likely to more than
repay the department for all the
trouble and expense of getting it up.

FORBES.

From the Republic.

Harry Miller came out from Ellendale
Tuesday to visit with friends here.

Nate Gates, of Ellendale, called on
old friends and acquaintances here
Monday.

Rev. John Wright, of Milnor, ar-
rived Tuesday for a ten day's visit
with his brother, Robert.

Mrs. Frank Ladd and Mrs. Charles
Ladd returned yesterday morning
from their visit at Aberdeen.

Misses Jones, Green, Leiby, Van
Meter and Irwin and Messrs. McCall
and Strand, of Ellendale, visited with
Carl Axtell yesterday.

Mrs. C. E. Shepard and Miss Clara
Amley left Friday evening last for
Aberdeen after a visit with their sis-
ter, Mrs. J. R. McGlynn.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. McCartney and
little daughter, Zella, spent Sunday
last with relatives at Oakes. They
were accompanied home Monday
morning by Mrs. McCartney's mother,
Mrs. Rhoda McPike, who had been
visiting at Minneapolis.

E. H. Pierce was an Ellendale busi-
ness visitor Tuesday night.

Misses Iva White and Josie Byam,
of Ellendale, visited friends here Sun-
day.

Rev. Williams, of Ellendale, will
preach in the depot here Sunday,
September 23, at 11 a. m. Special
music and vocal solo will be rendered.
Everybody is welcome.

AT REST

Wm. M. Austin Died Suddenly
Friday Morning

THE GAS PLANT

Ellendale Can Well Feel Proud of
the New Gas Plant

Over Three Miles of Gas Mains
Have Been Laid

With over three miles of gas mains,
with a \$1500 plant in full operation,
Ellendale has one of the finest gas
plants in the country. The lights
were turned on Saturday, September
15, in accord with the terms of the
contract.

In completeness of equipment, in
facilities for accomodating the public,
in every detail entering into the ar-
rangement of a first class gas plant,
that of Ellendale will take second
place to none. H. P. Martin will
have charge of the plant.

The realization of Ellendale's long
dream of a lighting plant has come
about so rapidly that our citizens are
not yet fully aware of the possibilities
of the situation. They do not fully
comprehend all it means to the city
in its present and its future.

In the mean time plumbers are in-
stalling gas lights of various power,
placing gas ranges in position and
making Ellendale housekeepers happy.
The merits of the products of the gas
plant are bound to be generally dis-
covered soon.

In fact the merits seem to be in a
fair way to become known. The brilliant
lights on Main and other streets, show conclusively what a
powerful illumination may be ob-
tained from gas while those in the
several stores and residences, loudly
announce that a gas light is the only
artificial light by which colors may
be differentiated.

The Ellendale gas plant in its com-
pleteness and success, is a business
memorial to the enterprise and far-
sightedness of the men who are be-
hind the enterprise and is an evi-
dence of their firm and enthusiastic
faith in the future of Ellendale. The
Ellendale Light and Power Company
as it is now organized numbers among
its officers the following prominent
business men: D. E. Geer, president;
Thos. Setton, vice president; H. C.
Peek, secretary; E. F. Dunton, trea-
surer. Associated with these gentle-
men on the board of directors are E.
F. Bodle, P. King and B. R. Crabtree.

The alluring opportunities offered
by Ellendale for a lighting plant had
long been recognized. An applica-
tion for a franchise to establish an
electric light plant was granted three
years ago, but the project fell through.
Again last winter another electric
light franchise was granted and a
company organized, composed of all
the stockholders in the gas plant and
several other prominent citizens.
The company was fully organized and
it was up to the board of directors to
build the plant. About this time at-
tention was called to a gas plant as
the proper thing for Ellendale, with
the result establishing the excellent
gas plant we now have. The aim of
the present company is to sell gas.
Immediately upon receiving the fran-
chise, they set about building the
plant. There were no bonds to be
sold as the men interested purposed
building their own plant. A location
was secured on the Milwaukee track
south of the Ellendale Grain and Pro-
duce Company's elevator and here
one of the tallest and neatest little
gas plants was erected. The ma-
chinery is first-class and up-to-date in
every respect. The warranted ca-
pacity of the plant is 6000 cubic
feet an hour. The rate has been es-
tablished at \$1.50 per thousand feet.

The demand for gas, that is already
in evidence, assures the success of the
company. It is almost impossible for
those who are engaged in installing
the fixtures to keep up with the work.

The reason for this is not far to seek.
For lighting purposes, the gas plant
is equal in brilliancy to the electric
light and makes a softer and more
mellow light. It is the only light
by which color can be detected,
a fact which makes it popular in
stores. The progression in gas lighting
has been one of the marvels of
the age. The old open jet will give
an eighteen candle power light and
consume seven feet of gas an hour.
This light was not a success and when
compared with the steady brilliancy
of the electric light fell short.

Inventive genius grappled with the prob-
lem and was successful. With the
Weisbach burner and mantle the gas
jet will now give a forty-five candle
power light and consume four feet of
gas an hour. It makes a soft, steady
light and one of the most beautiful
illuminative mediums that the in-
ventive genius of man knows. The
arc lights like those on Main street
are the same as those used for illumin-
ation in Minneapolis during the G.
R. encampment.

For cooking purposes the gas range
is supreme. Gas makes the most in-
tense heat in the world. The gas
range is clean there being no soot,
no crooking of any kind, and above
all there is none of the danger at-

tendent upon gasoline ranges. The
statement is made that lighting and
cooking by gas is as cheap as lighting
by electricity.

The Ellendale Light and Power
Company is more than pleased with
its plant. It has been said that the
company putting in the plant has
given the best plant possible. They
guarantee the plant in every particular
and stand ready at all times to make
good should any defects arise.

For Sale.

I have one Quick Meal, three-burner
gasoline stove for sale; also several
house lamps. Enquire of.

(920-104) Thos. Setton.

No Use For Them.

Canvasser—Madame, I would like to
show you the beautiful silver forks
that we are giving away with every
half dozen bars of Skinflint soap. Lady
of the House—We don't never eat with
forks in this house. They leak—Wom-
an's Home Companion.

Enough.

"I'll never ask another woman to
marry me so long as I live."

"Refused?"

"No; accepted?"—London Tit-Bits.

The angels may have wider spheres
of action may have nobler forms of
duty, but right with them and with
us is one and the same thing—Chaplin.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

The archbishop of Canterbury is re-
ferred to as "his grace," and he writes
himself archbishop, etc., "divine pro-
prietor," whereas other prelates use
the first peer in the realm. All coro-
nations he places the crown on the
head of the sovereign, and the king and
queen are his domestic parishes.
The bishop of London is his provincial
dean, the bishop of Winchester his
subdean, the bishop of Lincoln his
chancellor and the bishop of Rochester
his chaplain.

Read the Leader—Subscribe for it.

E. M. C.



"We Are Here
With the Goods"
Stronger than ever.



Men's Clothing just received. We ex-
pect to have the strongest line that was
ever shown in the city. Don't buy before
you see them and *Don't Forget the Place*.

Watch This Space Each Week

Ellendale Mercantile Company

H
A
Y

N. H. BJORNSTAD

Johnston Mowers, Rakes and Binders. Great
Northern line of Stackers and Sweep Rakes.
We have a few second hand Mowers and Rakes
at a Right Price. Now is your time to buy a
Buggy or a Mandt wagon. Get our prices on
Barb Wire, Nails and Builder's hardware. We
also run a first class Tin-shop and do Furnace
work and sell the celebrated Torrid Zone Furn-
ace. Headquarters for Threshers.

N. H. BJORNSTAD

T
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FREE RUGS!

We will give away **FREE** one 27-inch HIGHSPIRE rug with each \$10.00
cash purchase this week only. Come in and see our new line of rugs and
carpets. We guarantee satisfaction or your money back at the New Furni-
ture store. Undertaking a Specialty. **We give votes on the Leader**
Piano Contest.

Shimmin & Boyd

Beverly of Graustark

By
GEORGE BARR
MCUTCHEON,
Author of "Graustark."

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Mead and Company

(Continued From Last Week.)

CHAPTER XXII.

BALDOS started off at once for the castle, his heart singing. In the darkness of the night he kissed the message which had come to him from "her highness." The envelope had been closed with the official seal of Yettine, and the name of Graustark, and was sealed to the eyes of any one but the man to whom it was directed. The words it contained were buried deep in his brain.

They are called to report for duty in the castle. Come at once! Her highness has sent an official command to Colonel Quinnox. You are to be here. You are not expected to desert until you have seen me. There is an underground passage somewhere.

Baldos went alone and swiftly. The note to Colonel Quinnox had been impulsive. He was to serve as an instant messenger. Some time since, Quinnox, it was reported, had tried to enter Miss Calhoun's room from the outside during the rainstorm of the previous night, and a special guard was to be stationed near the door. All of this was unknown to Baldos, but he did not ask for any explanations.

He was halfway to the castle when the sharp report of a gun started him. A bullet whizzed close to his ear. Baldos, with a quick instinct, turned and did not change his course. He knew that the shot was intended for him and that its mission was to prevent him from reaching the castle. The attendants at the castle door admitted him panting and excited, and he was taken immediately to the enchanted boudoir of the princess, which but few men were fortunate enough to enter. There were three women in the room.

"I am here to report, your highness," said he, bowing low before the real princess, with a smile upon his flushed face.

"You are prompt," said the princess. "What have you to report, sir?"

"That an attempt has just been made to kill a member of the castle guard," he coolly answered.

"Impossible!"

"I am quite certain of it, your highness. The bullet almost clipped my ear."

"Good heavens!" gasped the listener. Then they eagerly paled him with more pointed questions than he could answer.

"And did you not pursue the wretch?" cried the princess.

"No, your highness. I was commanded to report to you at once. Only the success of the assassin could have made me—well, hesitate," said he calmly.

"A soldier has but to obey."

He gave her a startled glance, but offered no denial. Beverly's face was a study. If he were Christobal, then what of the game warden's daughter?

"We shall question you no further," said Yettine. "You enlisted to serve Miss Calhoun. It is for her to command you while you are here. May God be with you always. Miss Calhoun will tell him what his duty is for tonight. Come, my dear."

Yettine and Dagmar walked slowly from the room, leaving Beverly and her guard alone.

"I am at your service, Miss Calhoun," she said easily. His apparent indifference stung her into womanly revolt.

"I have never heard so," with a touch of hauteur.

"Does he know that the girl is dead?" she asked cruelly. Baldos did not answer. His eyes expressed the emotion from which she could judge him.

"I think he is ignorant of that calamity, Miss Calhoun," he said. "With your permission I shall withdraw. There is nothing to be gained by delay."

"I shall never forget," she said. "Would you leave the world, the world that I could give it to you. You have braved many dangers for my sake. I shall not forget. Do you know that we were watched last night?"

"Watched?" he cried incredulously.

"Oh, fool that I am! I might have known. And I have suspected you to—done it to—Miss Calhoun!" He was deeply disturbed.

"General Maranax saw you. He has threatened me, Baldos!"

"I will kill him! What do I care for the consequences? He shall pay dearly for it!"

"Stop! Where are you going? You are to remain here, sir, and take your commands from me. I don't want you to kill him. They'd hang you or something just as bad. He's going to be punished, never fear. I am here to assist in this, to help him. It was impossible to face this confident champion without catching her enthusiasm.

"What have you done with that rose?" she asked suddenly, flushing and blushing. Her eyes glistened with enthusiasm.

"It lies next my heart. I love it," he said bravely.

"I think I'll command you to return to me, vaguely."

"A command to be disobeyed. It is in exchange for my feather," he smiled coolly.

"Well, of course, if you are going to be married—Now, let me see," she said confusedly, "what are your duties for tonight? You are to stand guard in the corridor. Once in awhile you will go out upon the balcony and take a look. You see, I am afraid of some men who are not your agents; they are not the agents of Graustark. May I be permitted to say that they are spies set upon me by a man who has an object in disgracing me? Who that man is I leave to your royal conjecture."

"Maranax?"

"Yes, your highness. He bears me a deadly grudge and yet he fears me. I know full well that he and his agents have built a strong case against me. They are almost ready to close in upon me, and they will have false evidence so that I will be condemned. My true friends may doubt my loyalty to you and to the cause I serve. Before God, I have been true to my oath. I am loyal to Graustark. It was a sorry day when I left the valley and—"

"Oh!" cried Beverly pitifully, "don't say that!"

"Ails, Miss Calhoun, it is true," said he sadly. "I am being watched as if I were a common thief." He went on hotly. "These men are not your agents; they are not the agents of Graustark. May I be permitted to say that they are spies set upon me by a man who has an object in disgracing me? Who that man is I leave to your royal conjecture."

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"Oh!" cried Beverly pitifully, "don't say that!"

"Ails, Miss Calhoun, it is true," said he sadly. "I am being watched as if I were a common thief. Tremor is here and again. I have permitted the youth to mislead my ambition. I have aspired to something I can cherish, but never possess. Better that I never should have tasted of the unattainable than to have the cup withdrawn just as its sweetest begins to intoxicate."

He stood before them, pale with suppressed emotion. The women of Gra-

Don't you see, Beverly? You would be implicated, you would be accused. Why did you not let me kill him? No, I will not go!" Neither could she cry. "But I hasten!" she cried weakly. "You must let me go. I command you to!"

"It's because you want to drive me out of your life forever?" he demanded, suddenly understanding coming to him.

"Don't put it that way," she murmured.

"It is because you care for me that you want to drive me out?" he insisted, drawing near. "It is because you fear the love I bear for you?"

"Love? You don't really— Stop! Remember where you are, sir! You must not go on with it, Baldos. Don't come a step nearer. Go to your room! It is for the best. I have been awfully wicked in letting it run on as it has."

"I have been wicked? I drew back, pale and hurt. A great pain settled upon his face. His dark eyes crushed her with her quiet scorn.

"I understand, Miss Calhoun. The play is over. You will find the unkind vagabond a gentleman, after all. You ask me to desert the cause I serve. That is enough. I shall go tonight."

The girl was near to surrender. Had it not been for the persistent fear that her proud old father might suffer from her willfulness, she would have thrown down the barrier and given everything in the choice. Her heart was crying out blemish for the love of this tall, commanding soldier of fortune.

"It is best," she murmured finally.

"Curse you for a fool!" hissed Maranax through his teeth. As another hissing came up, "What have you got to say?"

The man reported that Baldos had been seen on the balcony alone, evidently on watch.

Maranax ground his teeth and his blood stoned his eyes. "The fool must be done tonight. You have your instructions. Capture him if possible; but, if necessary, kill him. You know your fate if you fail," Maranax actually grimed at the thought of the punishment he would mete out to them.

"What keeps the scoundrel?" he said to himself angrily.

Presently a villainous looking man, dressed in the uniform of the guards, stealthily approached. "I missed him, general, but I will get him the next time," growled the man.

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"What keeps the scoundrel?" he said to himself angrily.

"You are brave and true and good, and a most admirable, dreadful wretch," she lamented. "You will seek Ravone and the others?"

"Yes; they are my friends. They love my poverty. And now, may it please your highness, when am I to go forth, and in what garb? I have just enough to believe that I am not a shameless coward."

"It is best," she murmured finally.

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At last he saw the man. Baldos came from the door at the end of the balcony, the hour of 2. Dead quiet followed the soft voices of the two.

Maranax stealthily opened the door to Yettine's chapel and stepped inside. There was a streak of moonlight through the clear window at the far end of the room. Baldos, his heart beating rapidly, stood still for a moment, awaiting the next move in the game. The ghostlike figure of a woman suddenly stood before him in the path of the moonbeam, a hooded figure in dark robes. He started at the sight of her, but she was gone.

Inside the dark castle the clock at the end of the hall melodiously boomed the hour of 2. Dead quiet followed the soft voices of the two.

Maranax stealthily opened the door to Yettine's chapel and stepped inside.

"It is best," she murmured finally.

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The scene was thrilling, grievous—Within this narrow, dimly lighted underground passage, with its musty walls sweating with dampness and thick with the tangled meshes of the spider's web, a brave girl and her lover struggled and fought back to back.

To her dismay, Beverly saw the point of a sword at her throat.

"Out of the way, girl!" the man in the cloak snarled, furious at her resistance. "You die as well as your lover unless you surrender. He cannot escape."

"And if I refuse?" cried the girl, writhing desperately to gain time.

"I will drive my blade through your heart and tell the world it was the deed of your lover."

Baldos groaned. His adversary, encouraged by the change in the situation, pressed him sorely.

"Don't you dare to touch me, Count Maranax. I know you!" she hissed. "I know what you would do to me. It is not for Granstark that you seek his life."

The sword came nearer. The words died in her throat. She grew faint.

Terror paralyzed her. Suddenly her heart gave a great thump of joy. The resounding thump of a trap was surging to her relief. The sound of the south lured into life. Max, the other guard, received the exhalation of heat beat down all her fears.

"Take away that sword, then, please!" she cried, her voice trembling but not with terror now. It was exhaustion. "Will you promise to spare his life? Will you swear to let him go, if I—"

"No; never! God forbid!" implored Baldos.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled the man in the cloak. "Spare his life! Oh, yes, after my master has reveled in your charms, How do you like that, my handsome god hunter?"

"You will be accounted!" I'll settle you yet!" Baldos fairly fumed with rage. Gathering himself together for a final effort, he rushed madly on his rapidly weakening antagonist.

"Baldos," she cried hopelessly and in a tone of resignation, "I must do it. It is the only way!"

The man in the cloak as well as Baldos was deceived by the girl's cry. He immediately lowered his sword. The lantern dropped from Beverly's hands and clattered to the floor. At the same instant she drew from her pocket her revolver, which she had placed there before leaving the castle, and fired a blank at him. The report sounded like a gun shot, and that's what it was followed quickly by a sharp cry and implosion from the lips of her persecutor, who fell, striking his head with a terrible force on the stones.

Simultaneously there was a groan and the noise of a limp body slipping to the ground, and Baldos, victor at last, turned in fear and trembling to find Beverly standing unbent staring at the black mass at her feet.

"Thank God, you are safe!" Grasping her hand, he led her out of the darkness into the moonlight.

Not a word was spoken as they ran swiftly on until they reached a little clump of trees not far from one of the gates. Here Baldos gently released her. She was weak with fear, but he realized she must not be allowed to risk a moment's delay. She must pass the sentry of once.

"Have you the watchword?" he eagerly asked.

"Watchword?" she repeated feebly.

"Yes, the countersign for the night. It is Gaulook. Keep your face well covered with your hood. Advance boldly to the gates and give the word. There will be no trouble. The guard is used to pleasure seekers returning at all hours of night."

"He is dead?" she asked timorously, returning to the scene of horror.

"Only wounded, I think, as are the other men; though they all deserve death."

Present with him as close to the gate as he thought safe. Taking her hand he kissed it fervently. "Good-bye. It won't be long," and disappeared.

She stood still and lifeless, staring after him, for ages, it seemed. He was gone. Gone forever, no doubt. Her eyes grew wilder and wilder with the pity of it all. Pride fled uncontrollably to call him back. Then it occurred to her that he was hurrying off to that other woman. No, he would be sorry. She must be brave, true to herself, whatever happened.

She marched boldly up to the gate, gave the countersign and passed through unscathed, heedless of the curious glances cast upon her by the sentry, turned into the castle, up the grand staircase and fled to the princess' bed-chamber.

Beverly, trembling and sobbing, threw herself in the arms of the princess. Incoherently she related all that had happened, then swooned.

After she had been restored, the promise of Yetive to protect her, whatever happened, comforted her somewhat.

"It must have been Maranax," moaned Beverly.

"Who else could it have been?" replied the princess, who was visibly relieved.

Summoning all her courage, she went on: "First, we must find out if he is badly hurt. We'll trust to luck. Come up!" She touched a bell. There came a knock at the door. A guard was told to come. "Ellios," she exclaimed, "did you hear a shot fired a short time ago?"

"I thought I did, your highness, but was not sure."

"Baldos, the guard, was escaping by the secret passage," continued the princess, a wonderful adventure coming to her rescue. "He passed through the tunnel. Miss Calicou was there. Alone and simple, she had tried to stop him. She was but duty. She refused to obey her command to stop, and she followed him into the tunnel and fired at him. I'm afraid you are too late."

to capture him, but you may—oh, Beverly, how pinkey you were to follow him! Go quickly, Ellios! Search the tunnel and report at once." As the guard saluted with wonder, admiration and disbelief he saw the two conspirators disappear into the secret passage.

Presently he returned and reported that the guards could find no trace of any one in the tunnel, but that they found blood on the floor near the exit and that the door was wide open.

The two girls looked at each other in amazement. They were dismounded, but a great relief was glowing in their eyes.

"Ellios," inquired the princess, considerably less agitated, "does any one else know of this?"

"No, your highness; there was no one on guard but Max, Baldos and myself."

"Well, for the present no one else must know of his flight. Do you understand? Not a word to any one. I myself will explain it to the proper time coming. Max and Baldos have been useless, but I suppose you should not be punished. He has tricked us all. Send Max to me at once."

"Yes, your highness," said Ellios, and he went away with his head swimming. Max, the other guard, received like orders, and then the two young women sank limply upon a divan.

"Oh, how clever you are, Yetive," came from the American girl. "But what next?"

"We may expect to hear something disagreeable from Count Maranax, my dear," murmured the perplexed but confident princess, "but I think we have the game in our own hands, as you would say in America."

To Be Continued.)

WORSHIP OF SPRINGS.

How It Prevailed Among Early Peoples in the Southwest.

Springs are rarely found in the southwestern part of the United States, and for this reason they have been from ancient times prized as a most valued possession. The people who dwelt in this region, says Walter Hough in "Records of the Past," saw in these sources of life giving water the fruits of communion and well-being, and gave them a special meaning. The people, who dwelt in the primitive field which must always be within reach of men who put themselves into the grasp of the desert. The primary knowledge of the tribes who were the pioneers and of every human being who has since made his home in the great American desert was complete as to the location, distribution and idiosyncrasies of the water supply.

Springs were a most valuable prize to the inhabitants of those desert solitudes than that from living streams, because it is always drinkable and always available. The springs, which for the greater part of the year are simous reaches of dry sand, furnish at flood a quickly disappearing supply of thinned mud which will not be touched by man or beast except in the distress of thirst.

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One is not surprised, therefore, that a primitive people will regard these springs as sacred. In fact, the Indians of the southwest are not peculiar in the worship of springs. The sentiment is worldwide, has had a vast range of time, perpetuates itself in the folklore of the highest civilizations and presents in the most interesting a most interesting body of myth and fancy. But the southwest the cold environment has so intensified this feature of primitive culture that no spring in the primitive culture without evidence of many offerings to the deities of water.

It is small wonder then that the Pueblo Indians came to regard springs with special veneration; that they wove around them myth and tradition and made them objects of religious reverence. To one acquainted with the environment and its radical needs this seems to have been a natural, even though unconscious, generalization. Perhaps the most striking example of this is the simple explanation. Perhaps the mystery of the underground source of water, welling up from unknown depths, impressive always even to the observer who believes himself free from the trammels of superstition, has also had a powerful effect on the mind of the Indian, leading, like many other natural phenomena, to an attitude of worship of unseen powers behind these masks.—New York Tribune.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

What happy lives farmers lead—in story books.

Never judge a man by the opinion he has of himself.

A dozen men may make a club, but one woman can make a home.

When a man borrows trouble he puts up his hands in despair as collateral.

Men and women should look during courtship and overlook after marriage.

Happiness has a peculiar way of appearing and disappearing unexpectedly.

It's an easy matter to sympathize with the poor when your pockets are empty.

Try to be agreeable. There are too many disagreeable people in the world as it is.

It's so hard for some men to save money when single that they don't think it worth while trying after they marry.

What a man and his wife say to their guests and what they say about them after their departure are different, quite different.—Chicago News.

Job Printing

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The Leader Piano and Premium Voting Contest will be one of the Biggest Events that ever occurred in this vicinity.

Any young lady may enter.

CONTEST RULES.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—This piano contest will be conducted in strictly honest and business principles, with perfect justice to all concerned. Under such conditions a piano contest is sure to prove a success.

PRIZES.—The first prize shall be a fine, first-class piano, one of the best made, valued at \$350. The other valuations of prizes will be given to contestants in their order, according to number of votes each contestant having her choice of all prizes remaining after contestants standing higher have taken their choice. Before the close each contestant must hand the editor a list of names, arranged in the order in which she would like them to be cast. If any contestant fails to submit such a list, the awarding committee will make the selection in her turn.

CANDIDATES.—Any young lady in this county is eligible to a place in the contest. The most popular young lady is the one who shall receive the most votes; to her shall be awarded the beautiful Upright Piano. Other candidates are to receive their choice of prizes in order, according to number of votes.

CLASSES OF VOTES.—The votes are issued in coupons of the following denominations:

New subscriptions \$1.50 per year, 750 votes.

Back subscriptions \$1.50 per year, 600 votes.

Renewals \$1.50 per year, 600 votes.

Wednesday noon of each week to be counted for current week.

Keep a list of votes turned in each week, and see that the publisher's three votes are included.

All coupons and votes are at once deposited in locked box. The key to ballot box shall be in possession of Awarding Committee during the contest.

An Awarding Committee of three of the best business men are to be appointed to make final count and distribution of prizes.

Prizes will be published in paper first sixty days of contest.

Contest shall run about 4 months. The day of Closing will be announced at least 30 days in advance.

The contest shall close at 4 o'clock on the day announced. On the preceding Wednesday at noon, after the last count to be published, before the editor, the judges and contestants in full court dress and seal same and take to the bank announced in news column, where it will be kept on a table during business hours and in the vault at night, until the close of the contest, when Awarding Committee takes it.

During the last three days all voting must be done in the sealed box at the bank. Cash ballot slips used for subscriptions at this time should be placed in an envelope, carefully sealed and name of contestant on same. This guarantees a square deal to everyone.

One Upright, Oak Case, Style K, Kingsbury Piano, valued at \$350

One Single Seated Top Buggy, furnished by W. B. Dille of Monango, dealer in implements and lumber, value.....\$75

One New Royal Sewing Machine, furnished by D. B. Piper of Monango, dealer in general merchandise, value.....\$35

Choice of Lady's Spring Coats, furnished by the Ellendale Mercantile Co., valued at.....\$25

THE LEADER VOTING CONTEST NOMINATING BLANK

I hereby nominate or suggest the name of

Address

As a lady worthy to become a candidate in your Voting contest. I present this name with the distinct understanding and agreement that the editor shall not divulge my name. This does not obligate me in any way.

Signed,

Address

Cut out this blank and send it in to nominate the young lady whom you would like to see enter the contest and win a prize.

One Combination Toilet Case, furnished by E. N. Leiby.....\$15

Two Dozen Folder Photos, furnished by J. W. Byam.....\$10

One Combination Buffet furnished by Shimmin & Boyd, the furniture dealers.....\$22.50

One Cut Glass Water Set, furnished by E. F. Bodle.....\$20

One Lady's Gold-filled, Twenty-one, open-face Deuber-Hampden watch furnished by Vedo Kerr, jeweler.....\$15

One Set of Dishes furnished by E. F. Dunton value.....\$15

One Set Lady's Furs furnished by F. F. Gendahl.....\$15

MERCHANTS' COUPONS

All stores that have donated premiums in this contest have coupons. Every Dollar's Cash Purchase entitles you to 25 votes for any contestant you may name. To obtain coupons you must ask for them. Do this, and show your interest in helping some young lady to win one of the prizes.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. L. STEPHENSON, M. D.

ROBERT STEPHENSON, B. S. M. D.

Physicians and Surgeons.

Telephone and cable at residence One Door West of Baptist Church.

ELLENDALE, NORTH DAKOTA.

R. LYNDE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office over Bank of Ellendale.

Night calls: Mrs. Crowley's residence

Ellendale, North Dakota.

BENJAMIN PORTER

Lawyer

Notary Public

800 quarters of land for sale.

Money to loan on Real Estate.

FULLERTON, NORTH DAKOTA.

ELITE BARBER SHOP

JOHN BLISS, Prop.

Hot and Cold Baths

ELLENDALE, NORTH DAKOTA.

C. C. MISFELDT

Proprietor of

Charlies Barber Shop

ELLENDALE, NORTH DAKOTA.

J. W. BYAM,

Photographer.

Replaces getting pictures. Is spared pain to customers. Call and see samples.

Ellendale Main Street, opposite Court House.

ELLENDALE, NORTH DAKOTA.

Shine Parlors

— Located in —

Misfeldt's Barber Shop

DOUGLAS MISFELDT, Prop.

C. W. BIRD

PLASTERER

Ellendale, North Dakota.

Call at the Thompson Farm

THE NEW GROCERY STORE

G. L. GESCHE, Proprietor

Has now a full line of Staples and Fancy Groceries to supply all customers.

FARMERS!

Bring in your

BUTTER AND EGG

We will buy your butter, cheese, and eggs, and square dealing will convince you that we treat you right. Third door from the drug store.

Free Delivery in the City.

Telephone Connection.

THE O. K.

Restaurant

Opposite Postoffice

A. G. WILSON, Proprietor

Warm Meals

AT ALL HOURS

Oysters and Fruit

IN SEASON

Monango Shorthorn Stock Farm

HERD HEADED BY

"SIRROCCO" 198530

A Pure "Crickets" of the "Brawny Bud" family

Bulls and Heifers

FOR SALE AT ALL TIMES

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FOR SALE AT ALL TIMES

J. S. JOHNSON

Livery

AND SALE STABLE

HORSES

BOUGHT AND SOLD

Draft, Tobby and Driving Horses always on hand

Ellendale, North Dakota

Elendale, North Dakota

</

\$1.00 - SNAPS

1 can Strawberries... 10c
1 can Pumpkin..... 15c
1 can Corn..... 10c
1 can Tomatoes..... 15c
1 can Hominy..... 15c
1 can Gooseberries..... 10c
1 can Kraut..... 15c
1 can Peas..... 15c
1 can String Beans..... 15c
1 can Baking Powder..... 25c

All for \$1.00

Total \$1.45

At DUNTON'S

Dickey County Leader

Published Every Thursday
-BY-

F. S. GODDARD

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISING

Furnished room to rent. Mrs. A. Haas.

Rooms for rent. Inquire at the Leader office.

M. T. S. souvenir post cards for sale at the Leader office.

Vegetables—Phone 191—Ferrara.

House for rent. Inquire of J. H. McClure.

Save money by learning short hand at home; obtain a thorough training to accomplish practical work. Rates within reach of poor. Take advantage of reduced summer rates. Gregg Shorthand Correspondence School, 401 Evanston building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Salesmen Wanted—to look after our interest in Dickey and adjacent counties. Salary or commission. Address: The Harvey Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Lost a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Finder please notify Carl Misfeldt.

LEADER LEAFLETS

How do you like the gas light?

A furnished room to rent. Mrs. Ackley.

D. T. Wegner is clerking for Randal brothers.

Read Shimmin & Boyd's new advertisement.

Leslie Milham is clerking in Bodie's drug store.

Frank Templeman is up from Iowa for a few days.

Get your pictures framed at Shimmin & Boyd's.

Geo. W. Perkins was in from Forbes Saturday evening.

Sheriff Drew is collecting delinquent personal taxes.

A new cement walk is being built north from the laundry.

Jesse Potter is up from Iowa to look after land interests.

James M. Austin returned from Bismarck Tuesday evening.

Lovell I. Randal returned yesterday from a business trip east.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Shimmin visited Silverdale friends over Sunday.

Shimmin & Boyd have just received another shipment of 9x12 rugs.

H. H. Perry has been confined to his bed this week with sickness.

Shimmin & Boyd have a supply of Edison phonographs and records.

E. R. Jackson came up from Bowdrie Tuesday for a short visit with home folks.

Eighteen cars of cattle were shipped from the Milwaukee station last Saturday.

S. M. Newland returned yesterday from a business trip to Minnesota points.

Mr. and Mrs. Pride are up from Appleton, Wisconsin, on their annual chicken hunt.

Register Kellogg went up to Monango Monday to look after his farming interests.

Ed Sanderson and Attorney Wickens were over from Oakes the first of the week.

Mrs. L. Herbert of Monango, was a pleasant caller at the Leader office in town Monday.

Mrs. Ava Stinecker returned this week to her home in Nenturia, after a short visit with home folks.

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By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1890, by Charles W. Hoadley

It had been a bad Saturday for Billy Allwood. Somebody hadn't come downtown that day. Somebody else, a bookkeeping creature for the other, had authority to advance money on uncollected serial stories. Billy made the rounds, but there was no money anywhere, and when he went to the Daily Vindicator to claim he had only \$3 in his pocket.

Billy was an orphan and an heiress. She received a check on the first of every month, but, though there are few characters so strong as not to be affected by society and regularity of income, Dorothy remained a good beneficent and as reckless with money as you could wish your dearest friend to be. She was in the Vindicator office, which she transformed by her own art and labor into the most bewitching garments. On this particular evening she wore a tenderly exquisite creation in a gray tone, and carried a little gray purse which contained for all, the sum of 35 cents. This purse was intrusted to Billy's care.

A strange subject of discussion occupied them at dinner and on the way to Dorothy's house. Billy had an opportunity to meet with two other men in starting a magazine, of which he was to be editor, and they stipulated that he should contribute \$1,500 to the capital. The amount of money is not defined in any dictionary so adequately as by that statement. Billy could not have raised 1,500 cranberries at a dollar a bushel, but Dorothy could raise dollars, and she insisted that she should be permitted to disturb her meager patrimony to the extent required and become a partner in the enterprise. She would lend the money to Billy and go shares with him. To him, however, her little fortune was the only redeeming feature of a world otherwise ill ordered beyond the power of language to describe. He knew what miseries thus escaped—few men knew better than Billy—and he would have done his best to keep Dorothy from the world that have led us to the world than have dislodged the anchor of Dorothy's safety.

He was telling her so in very eloquent language as they strolled along, when they were suddenly aware of a fury in the throng and the quick gathering of a crowd. A man had fallen from the platform of a crowded car and now sat on the curbstone, dazed and bleeding. It seemed that there had been an attempt to pick his pocket and that the thief, detected, had pushed his intended victim to the street. As usual, the car had gone on, leaving only the most contradictory rumors in its wake.

I can't take it, Dorothy, but you're the greatest girl in the world.

In the early evening came this reply: You must. But how did you find out about it?

DOROTHY.

To which he responded:

I have the money, and will hold it for you. I cannot use it as you wish.

At 1 o'clock in the morning the door bell clangled, and Billy received this telegram:

Impossible. Did not mail check till today. Can't understand what you mean.

DOROTHY.

Billy had not money enough to continue this correspondence by wire with out breaking one of the \$500 bills, so he wrote a long letter which he mailed about daybreak, and by the last desire of Dorothy, he never mentioned Dorothy's letter, full of subtle persuasion and inclosing her check for \$1,500. Three days later came Dorothy herself, and in the thrilling conversation which ensued she denied in the most explicit manner all knowledge of the larger sum.

It will be remembered that Louis XI of France had many solemn forms of adjuration, only one of which he held to be binding, and he would never tell which of them it was. Few men have been saved by Louis, but nearly all women are. Protection with mental reservation is the natural source of the sex. As a student of human nature, Billy Allwood knew this, and thought he held Dorothy to be the flawless pearl of womanhood, he still could not free his mind of the notion that the four big bank notes had once been hers. It was therefore with an indefinable disfavor, a sense of some thing gone from his own soul, that he at last paid down the \$2,000 into the cashbox of the great scheme.

The \$1,500 which was confessedly Dorothy's was placed in bank box in the early days, when the money seemed surely winning. Billy lost his balance wheel, veered to the delusion that he had foolishly shut Dorothy out from the greatest opportunity of her life and at last permitted her to invest her money. Then came the later days, the days of disappointment, of expenses marvellously swollen and reduced, miserably shrunk.

On the blackest of black days, when Billy had left the office merely to get away from it and not because his work was done, he was aware of a remembered face in the crowd, and a name leaped into his mind.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he. "Are you Mr. Mousoud?"

"No," replied the stranger, with a touch of excellent courtesy even in so small a matter.

"It happened to be present when you met with an accident two or three days ago," said Billy, "and afterward I found a letter on the spot," and he described the occurrence.

"It was mine," said the other, who seemed surprised and even more amazed. "May I ask what has been done of it?"

"I have it at my room," answered Billy. "Would you care to come with me and get it?"

"If you are on your way there," said he.

There followed an introduction

whereby it appeared that this man was Julian Winsor, president of the old Livingston bank, in which position he had recently succeeded his father, as Billy knew from newspaper reports. Winsor was not popular with Billy just then, for the officials of the bank where the magazine kept its dwindling account had turned a deaf ear to all pleas for accommodation. Yet Mr. Winsor seemed a very decent fellow, despite his occupation.

When they came to Billy's room he could not at first remember where he had put the Mousoud envelope, and it was Julian Winsor, president of the old Livingston bank, in which position he had recently succeeded his father, as Billy knew from newspaper reports. Winsor was not popular with Billy just then, for the officials of the bank where the magazine kept its dwindling account had turned a deaf ear to all pleas for accommodation. Yet Mr. Winsor seemed a very decent fellow, despite his occupation.

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When they came to

- % Sulphate of Barium (Barites)
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MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

The Modern Way and the Crude Method of Early Days.

The suggestion occasioned a busy industry in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Buckets are loaded on to the ox sleds, boxes of spiles and axes, and away to the sugar orchard.

Sugar making nowadays is a science. Only in the extreme rural sections still remain the wooden buckets and cedar spiles, but there is still a sugar warmth, a bursting of healthy joy that breaks forth just as the swelling buds on the maple.

No longer are there the crude methods of an old time, of a kettle steaming over green forked poles. Possibly sugar making has lost some of its genuine savor in the modern evaporators, but the product—and its commercial feature is of all importance—is finer grained, of purer color, free from bits of bark and other foreign refuse.

Important changes in the sugar industry have lessened the work of the farmer. In the early days, wooden buckets and handmade cedar spiles were used. That made brother in the orchard, for the bucket had to be placed on the ground, and the spile could not be far above it else the wind would blow the sap to one side and thus waste it.

As the snow melted the spiles had to be drawn, new holes nearer the ground made and the bucket replaced.

Nowadays the spiles are of metal and the buckets are on wheels. The cooler is a simple of the rapid strides in sugar-making facilities. The modern orchard has tin or galvanized metal spiles.

Occasionally a tree runs a bucket full every day during the season, an average of ten quarts, although the general run is about half that amount, unless the weather holds so the trees run during the night.

Good, honest syrup weighs eleven pounds to the gallon, and it takes a barrel of thirty-two gallons of sap to make a gallon of syrup.

THE MAGNETIC COMPASS.

First Used on European Vessels in the Twelfth Century.

Some Asian people, perhaps the Chinese, discovered many centuries ago that a kind of iron ore possessed a very peculiar quality. We call this ore magnet, or, or, in more common language, lodestone, and it is very widely distributed, probably in the older crystalline rocks. It was found that if a bit of lodestone were placed in water upon a piece of cork or straw braid it would turn till the axis of the stone assumed a north and south position. A phenomenon of magnetism had been discovered by means of an ore that is peculiarly susceptible to magnetic influence.

It is an open question whether the Chinese utilized the effect of the ore, or whether it was discovered by the most wonderful thing for general utility replied: "The tracking of a car wheel is the most wonderful thing to me in the whole range of science and invention. Here are two rails, uphill and downhill, round the sharp curves and along false tangents, and upon them fly at more than a mile a minute, without jar or jostle, a dozen heavy cars drawn by an engine weighing sixty tons. Passengers realize no danger, yet there is here hugged the costs of a mile which is the cost of a mile of iron. A new impetus was given to cartography, for now the true directions of the coast lines might be charted with some approach to accuracy. It was the happy fortune of Italian sailors to make the surprisingly excellent surveys of the directions and lengths of the Black sea and Mediterranean coasts and along the Atlantic to British waters that have come down to us in the so-called Portolan maps.—Cyrus C. Adams in Harper's.

Twin.
Talking to a physician about twins and commenting upon the marvelous likeness they sometimes bear to one another, he gave an interesting fact regarding them. "You can always distinguish one from the other," said he, "no matter how great the resemblance, for the elder invariably has the broader face. Notice twins hereafter, and you never find one is the younger." The two, I have no authority for saying that fewer male than female twins are born, but I am of the opinion that the couple are more frequently girls or girl and boy than boys. Twin brothers are few and far between."

A Husband's Report.

A man, accompanied by his wife, visited a merchant tailor to order a suit of clothes. The couple differed as to the style of coat. The wife was in a hurry, and the wife lost her temper. "Oh, well," she said, turning away, "please yourself. I suppose you are the one who will wear the clothes."

"Well," observed the husband mockingly, "I didn't suppose you'd want to wear the coat and waistcoat!"—Every boy's Magazine.

Mistaken Idea.

"It may stand down as a broad proposition," said the professor of political economy, "that you cannot get something for nothing."

"Once got the measles for nothing," interrupted the young man with the wicked eye.—Chicago Tribune.

An Editor's Reply.

"Why didn't you retaliate when that fellow struck you?"

"I didn't know him, and it is our rule not to pay any attention to slyious contributions."—Bohemian.

To take for granted as truth all that is alleged against the fame of others is a species of credulity that men would blush at on any other subject.—Jane Porter.

Power exercised with violence has seldom been of long duration, but temper and moderation generally produce permanence in all things.—Seneca.

LEGEND OF THE GARTER.

Contradictory Versions of the Foundation of the Order.

I knew, as every schoolboy knows, the legend that a certain Countess of Salisbury dropped her garter at a ball and that the king, picking it up amid the smiles of courtiers, handed it to her with the happy and now immortal phrase, "Hon! soli qui mal y pense." But this legend, I recollect, had to go the way of the story of King Alfred and the cakes, the story of William Tell and the pretty fairy tale of history. At last I went to Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas' "History of the Orders of Knighthood," where I found a delightful mass of contradictory authority produced.

The tale of the ensign and name of the order were first told by Polydore Vergil (1470-1555), who wrote in the time of Henry VII and Henry VIII, and who said that the lady was "the wife of a knight of the realm." Some whose work "Histoire Militaire" and "Civil" appeared in 1602, 250 years after the order was founded, was the first to say that it was the Countess of Salisbury. Other writers say that it was the Countess of Kent, John Ainstis (1609-1744), garter king of arms, who published several heraldic works, ridicules the whole story. He confesses that an author of Henry VII's time, who wrote in Latin and whose work is now entirely lost, upheld this.

Richard Holme, a chronicler, who died in 1616, tells the story in detail and says the lady was the queen, which surely rather spoils the significance of the legend. Sir Harris Nicolas himself thinks the story is not improbable, although he urges the fact that Jean Froissart, who is the best contemporary authority on the reign of Edward III, while he has much to say about the order in his hundredth chapter, does not mention any such incident.

Occasionally a tree runs a bucket full every day during the season, an average of ten quarts, although the general run is about half that amount, unless the weather holds so the trees run during the night.

Good, honest syrup weighs eleven pounds to the gallon, and it takes a barrel of thirty-two gallons of sap to make a gallon of syrup.

The plunger took the guilty "fiver" and scrutinized it carefully.

It was one of the shank bank notes issued by Sir Alexander Crichton, who, in its time, was a member of the House of Commons.

It was an advertisement of the Drama pantomime. The English friend, himself said "Brooke" as the Monte Carlo plunger had posted him the flagrantly worthless note as a joke—a joke which had the plunger taken the trouble to examine the "fiver" or read its covering letter he would have seen only too clearly himself. It was fortunate that he did not do so. He merely paid Crichton his 15 francs and the pacified reporter, in his turn, to share in the champagne, pretended that the whole affair was an intentional witicism.

The conceit of a chronicler, who fondly

imagined that he understood the English language, was instrumental in presenting another and far less experienced Britisher with 1,000 francs.

This gentleman, handing a 1,000 franc bill to the chronicler in question, asked for plaques in exchange for it. Plaques are the large five lourd gold pieces posted to the door of the crown portuguese that the player or "black" was, and was requesting him to place the note on the "black" compartment of the cloth did so unobserved. Black duly turned up, and the chronicler paid him 2,000 francs to the surprised Britisher.—Ward Muir in Chambers' Journal.

GAMBLERS' LUCK.

A Joke Which Brought a Fortune to Its Innocent Victim.

Having lost every cent of his ready money at the gaming tables, an English visitor at Monte Carlo wired a pathetic appeal to help to a friend in England. Two days later he received a letter addressed in the friend's handwriting, informing him that his gambling opened revealing a five pound note.

Without pausing to read the letter, the plunger hastened to Cliro's, the famous restaurant in the Galerie Charles III, and changed his "fiver" into French money. From Cliro's he went straight into the Casino, where, experiencing an extraordinary run of luck, he not merely retrieved all his previous losses, but gained a substantial increase into the bargain.

Weary of play, he retired with a few francs to a quiet corner of the room.

He was seated at the door of his establishment with a flood of reproaches and upbraidings. The five pound note was bad. He waved it angrily in the plunger's face—mais out, it was false, this five pound note!

The plunger took the guilty "fiver" and scrutinized it carefully.

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POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Ignorance may not be bliss, but it is often contentment.

Everybody has trouble of some kind.

What is the nature of yours?

The average wish is about as valuable as the check of a bankrupt.

People are confronted every day with little problems and do not know what to do with them.

Some one's idea of perseverance is to see how long they can cherish ill-feeding for some real or fancied grievance.

No matter how busy a man is, he thinks he isn't wasting time if he takes an hour to prove he was right in a most trifling question.

After you have worked hard and saved your money it makes you mad to be approached by a man who has spent his time and been invited to go into a scheme that is solely for his benefit.—Archison Globe.

Queer Drummers.

"There's a story," said a drummer, "about a commercial traveler whose line was tunnels and post holes for fences. Him I never met. I did meet once, though, a drummer selling iron churches and suspension bridges. Another time I met a drummer who said his line was pupils. What did he mean by pupils? He meant, I found, glass eyes for straw dolls, for dolls and for babies. Once a drummer's favorite amusement was to open his sample case and ask the people present to pick out the eye that best matched their own. The people made awful mistakes in this, for nobody, it seems, knows the color of his own eyes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What Father Does.

Mothers may talk, work, struggle to make ends meet, by which to which a man never seems to care. But the boy's world is in another man who is his father, and the boy believes that whatever may be right on Sundays or at prayer times the things that are really good, that really count in life, are what father does. Moreover, it is what father does which defines the means with which the boy shall work, the sphere wherein his efforts shall be shaped. In a word, what father does is the beginning as it is the end of the boy's achievements.—Harper's Bazaar.

Precocious Fox.

Charles James Fox is probably the only man who ever made a maiden speech in the commons while still a youth in his teens. He was nineteen when he took his seat for Midhurst, and within a few months he had made three excellent speeches. And yet even at this early age Fox used frequently to sit up all night drinking and gambling.

An Explanation Wanted.

"I'd like to know," began the thoughtful boarder.

"Would like to know what?" asked the boy, who knew it all.

"I'd like to know how 'matches are made in heaven' when they keep all the brimstone in the other place."—Chicago News.

Bringing It Home.

Bob—Don't you think that love is a species of insanity? Ethel—Sometimes, we have been falling in love with you? —Smart Set

The Height of Fame.

Superlative fame is where a man has not only forced his name into everybody's mouth, but has kept it there through the apartment and causes all present to cough and sneeze as though the pepper had been taken into the mouth or nostrils.

Don't refuse to tell or show the apprentice what to do, for you once had to learn all that you know.

CLUB LIFE ECONOMIES

POOR MEN IN THE SWELL ORGANIZATIONS OF NEW YORK.

A Democracy Where All, Regardless of Income, Are Equal—Membership in a First Rate Club Regarded as a Profitable Investment.

A good many country visitors are disappointed when they learn the sober truth that New York has no clubs composed exclusively of millionaires. It is harder still to make country folk believe that hundreds of men join the so-called swell clubs in large parts from motives of economy.

There are scarcely three clubs in the city that do not include a considerable number of poor men in their membership. The average income of the whole membership of the ten best known clubs in the city is probably not over \$10,000 a year, and \$30,000 a year, and almost every one of these clubs includes some scores of men with incomes well below \$10,000 and a good many with incomes well below \$5,000.

There is a real democracy of New York club life. Youths in their early twenties and just beginning their careers on very moderate salaries frequent truly palatial clubhouses, breakfast in rooms such as few princes ever dreamt of, and sit by the firesides that are to be matched only by the most brilliant buildings of Europe.

The poor man's club is as good as the rich man's, and both are impartially posted when they neglect to pay their bills in good season. There are a good many instances also in which the monthly bills of the poor man are higher than those of his fellow member, for the frequenters of clubs are apt to be the poorer rather than the richer members.

Many a man's club means regard his membership in a first rate club in the light of a profitable investment. Such a man, if a confirmed bachelor, has probably lived for twenty years within half a block of the club, paying a few hundred dollars a year for a small bedroom and finding all his luxuries in the apartments of the clubhouse.

Without being in the least mean he makes of the club a money saving institution for himself. Its comfortable lodgings are available for rent from \$300 to \$1,000 a year, in rent, according to the location in which he has his modest lodgings.

After that he saves a good percentage on everything he eats and drinks at the club.

His simple breakfast costs him 10 per cent less than it would cost at any restaurant he would be likely to frequent, and the same is true of his dinners. If he takes three-fourths of his meals at the club he saves annually about \$100 in tips.

If he eats at home at times he saves 10 to 25 per cent upon every bottle. If he permits himself the luxury of a cab he saves a handsome percentage by ordering it through the club and avoids all possibility of a row with the cabby over the amount of the fare. Many a man writes all his letters of a social character and some of a business character at the club, and thus saves from \$15 to \$40 a year in stationery.

He may buy no books, nor need he subscribe to a library, for there is club library free for his use. He never need buy a periodical or even a newspaper save when he travels, for all that he reads are freely supplied by the club. And the enjoyment of all these things imposes upon him no considerable expenditure for extravagant luxuries. He is sure, especially in the college clubs, to find plenty of men with like modest incomes and simple tastes as himself. One of them, for instance, has cronies over the safe who without a spending master that he can afford without giving offense to the servants of the house committee.

Most club members probably do not keep a debit and credit account with the club, but the man of modest means and moderate habits would find the examination of such an account a matter of great satisfaction. Such a man, paying \$250 as an entrance fee and \$75 a year for entrance fees, dues, and contributions to the Christmas box, and his savings by reason of the club have been from \$10,000 to \$16,000—New York Sun.

A Sister's Love.

A Boston clergyman whose work takes him among the poor of that town tells a pretty story of sisterly love existing among the humble and unfortunate. One day a pale and ragged girl of about ten years was seen along the street carrying on her back her crippled brother, nearly as old as she. A stranger stopped her by saying that she was overexerting herself. "He is too heavy for you to carry," he said. The child of the ghetto looked up at him reproachfully, saying: "He ain't heavy. He is my brother."

Capsicaine.

The active principle of capsicum, or red pepper, is a volatile oil known as capsicaine. It is so exceedingly acrid that a quarter of a grain exposed to the air in a room will diffuse itself throughout the apartment and cause all present to cough and sneeze as though the pepper had been taken into the mouth or nostrils.

The Height of Fame.

Superlative fame is where a man has not only forced his name into everybody's mouth, but has kept it there through the apartment and causes all present to cough and sneeze as though the pepper had been taken into the mouth or nostrils.

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MONANGO.

W. E. Kellogg of Ellendale, was seen upon our streets Monday.

Miss Dodd spent Saturday night with Miss Mayme Kelley and drove to Edgeley Sunday.

Mrs. W. D. Campbell and son, Cecil, went to Edgeley Monday to visit friends.

Miss Little Alexanderson visited her sister, Mrs. Roy O'Neal, last week.

Charles Hathaway and Mr. Salter of Merricourt, were guests at the Thorp home Friday.

Mrs. D. B. Piper who has been visiting St. Paul friends, returned home Tuesday.

John McClelland returned Wednesday from Wahpeton where he was employed as fireman on a locomotive.

Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Hall of Merricourt, were visiting Monroe friends Thursday.

The girls' aid society met at Wm. Win. Campbell's home Saturday.

George Merrifield made a business trip to Edgeley Monday.

Miss Florence Corrige will begin teaching in the Newton school next Monday. Miss Corrige graduated from the M. T. S. in June.

John Scott of Ellendale, visited his nephew, James Dowd, Friday.

Miss Josie McPherson was ill with tonsils last week.

Miss Mabel Crain left for Webster City, South Dakota. Thursday where she will enter the high school this year.

Mrs. W. A. Caldwell and Mrs. F. Dean were the guests of Ellendale friends Wednesday and Thursday.

The Ladies' Aid society met with Mrs. Haas Thursday afternoon. A large number were in attendance.

George Allan had the misfortune to lose the well on his place Friday. The heavy wind blew the curbing over and the well caved in. The water in this well was very good and Mr. Allan was sorry to lose it.

Miss Marion Risk of LaMoure, was the guest of Miss Dorothy Dean last week.

Miss Mock, who has been visiting at C. G. Fait's, returned to Ellendale Wednesday.

Miss Gladys Dille and Marion Corrige will go to Ellendale next week to resume their studies at the M. T. S. T.

Miss Minnie Fair expects to attend the Valley City Normal this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Magofin drove to the hills Sunday. Mr. Magofin returned Monday, but Mrs. Magofin remained for a longer visit with friends there.

Harvey Chilson was confined to his room with illness Friday.

Upshot shot himself in the leg Tuesday while coming from Edgeley on the evening passenger train. He was removed to the Edgeley hospital.

James Scott of Oakes, is visiting his son, Bruce Scott and family.

D. B. Piper received a carload of furniture the first of the week.

FULLERTON.

James Hall was over from Merricourt on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Conant of Anoka, Minnesota, spent several days last week visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jay Stiles. Mr. Conant is traveling salesmen for Tibbs, Hutchins & Co., of St. Paul.

J. Langet's and O. V. Olson were up from Centerville, South Dakota, last week, visitors at A. Amundson's. Mr. Langet was looking after cattle but failed to buy as the most of the cattle are picked up.

A man by the name of Smith, a mason by trade is putting up a small residence on south Main street.

K. S. Jensen is erecting a cottage on the west side of north Main street to be occupied, we understand, by the Marshall-McCartney elevator man.

Miss Flossie Gregory was taken quite ill on Friday. Dr. Boardman was called and pronounced her case typhoid fever.

Miss Nina Baker has arrived from Ludden and has accepted a position as saleslady for B. S. Kingsley.

Rev. McLeod of Ellendale, held M. E. service here Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Mullen from Earville, Iowa, has been in town several days and has purchased several quarters of land.

Mr. Sweet informs us that the town lots are going fast, nearly all in the north part of town are sold.

Mr. Sweet has his store building nearly completed. The building is 24x76 feet and will be used for a hardware store below and furniture above by Mr. Billingsmeyer of Sutton, Nebraska, who is in town today. A cement walk is being put in around the store and in front of the adjoining

ing lots owned by Mr. Sweet. Mr. Billingsmeyer's family are in Oakes for the present.

Mr. Casset has moved his family into the rooms over the Thomas building.

K. S. Jensen has been in Oakes for treatment for several days.

The rainy weather has been bad for threshers the past week, very little having been done since Monday of last week.

Mrs. Rodenberg is enjoying a visit from her mother, Mrs. Clark, from Minnesota.

The Guild held a pleasant meeting with Mrs. Thomas on Thursday. Next meeting is with Mrs. Park.

LUDDEN.

W. B. Greenwald has been improving his farm home by a new porch and a coat of paint.

The family that owns the Bege family arrived Sunday night and will build a new house this fall on it.

Harry and Laverna Randall went to Fergus Falls last Tuesday to have their eyes fitted for glasses. Laverna arrived home this morning but Harry remains for further treatment for his eyes.

Everett Rowe was home from Belle Plaine over Sunday. He illness his work there and has a fine boarding place.

Miss Nina Baker arrived home Wednesday morning from an enjoyable outing at Lake Clitheral and started for Fullerton Thursday to clerk in B. S. Kingsley's store.

Mr. and Mrs. Griffie and little son drove over from Fullerton Sunday and were calling on friends.

Miss Cordelia Kennedy is home from her visit in St. Paul.

The Young Ladies' Aid will meet at the church Saturday, September 29. All are urged to be present.

School opened Monday with a good attendance in both rooms. Mrs. Ellington arrived from Iowa Saturday morning.

Laura Randall was at the Boardman hospital three days last week under doctor's care. She came home Friday some what improved in health.

Sunie Smith visited the Normal School at Aberdeen two days last week.

Mrs. S. F. Mullen has sold her farm at Ludden.

D. O. Moore of Imogene, Minnesota, arrived with his family last week and is visiting his sister, Mrs. Robert Greenawald until he rents a farm.

Mrs. Wm. Norton was shopping in Oakes Friday.

Byrdie Case is attending school and boarding with Mrs. Woodward.

Florence Randall is attending school and boarding with Mrs. Curtis.

GUELPH.

Mr. Bastreen of Neenah, Wisconsin, was a visitor at the Puffer home Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. McKenny, president of the Great Northern Elevator Company, was in Guelph Wednesday looking after the interest of the Elevator Company.

M. H. Puffer and Mr. Bastreen were out viewing different farms in the vicinity of Guelph Thursday.

Mrs. B. Denison and Carl Wiest were business visitors in Oakes Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. Filshee and daughter, Emily, were guests at the Thatcher home Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. C. R. Denison and Harold spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. F. A. Denison.

Mr. Stein was a pleasant caller at the home of F. A. Denison Wednesday.

Carl Grinnell visited with his aunt, Mrs. A. F. Withee Thursday.

Will McCoy and Charles Tode were in Ellendale on business Friday.

J. C. Craft and Carl Grinnell were in Hecla on business Thursday.

J. D. Root and George Stephenson were business visitors in Oakes Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Engle visited with Mr. and Mrs. Ewald Wedel Sunday.

Mrs. T. H. Thatcher visited at the Engle home Tuesday.

S. R. Dales arrived Sunday morning to visit with old friends and look after business interests here.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Denison and daughter Anna, Carl Wiest, Herman Bahr and Herman Welman all took dinner at the home of C. B. Denison Sunday.

Herman Bahr and Herman Welman attended the dance at George Kunz's Saturday night.

PARSONS VICTORIOUS

GAINS CONTROL OF THE REPUBLICAN ORGANIZATION IN NEW YORK COUNTY.

New York, Sept. 19.—In a bitter clash of opposing factions in Tuesday's primary elections in New York county, Congressman Herbert Parsons, president of the New York county committee, won a sweeping victory for the control of the Republican organization, while Leader Charles F. Murphy of Tammany Hall retained his position at the head of that organization by a narrow margin.

Parsons' victory in the Republican primary election for the faction led by State Chairman B. B. Odell, Jr., and Lemuel E. Quigley, Mr. Parsons had the backing of President Roosevelt and Governor Higgins.

In the Democratic battle Leader Murphy had the fight of his life. The friends of Mayor McClelland had banded together to wrest the control of Tammany from Murphy and were very nearly successful in doing so.

FIFTEEN UNIONS INVOLVED.

Building Operations at Winnipeg Tied Up by Strike.

Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 18.—Not a union man is working on the 350 buildings in course of construction here. The strike declared by the unions is in sympathy with the plumbers' demands for higher wages and other requests from master plumbers. The plumbers have been out for several weeks and the masters steadily declined to arbitrate.

Over 3,500 union men are out, resulting in a complete stop on \$11,000,000 worth of buildings being erected in Winnipeg. Fifteen unions are involved.

OBJECTS TO PART OF TICKET.

Republican Candidate for Governor of Colorado Withdraws.

Denver, Sept. 18.—Philip B. Stewart of Colorado Springs, Republican nominee for the governorship of Colorado, has withdrawn from the ticket. The announcement, which appears in an evening paper, adds:

"Ostensibly Mr. Stewart has withdrawn because of the condition of his health, having just rallied from an attack of appendicitis, but in reality he has refused to make the race with Chief Justice Gabbert on the ticket."

Journalist Convention Prohibited.

Posen, Sept. 18.—The convention of Polish journalists scheduled to take place here has been prohibited. The object of this meeting is presumed to have been an effort to reach identity of plans for the promotion of the Polish national spirit.

A NOBLE ENEMY.

The Fate of Mokrania a Moslem Chief of Africa.

France was in greater danger of losing her colonies in Africa than during the war with Germany in 1870. The troops were recalled from Africa to take part in the conflict that was going on against France, and Algeria was left almost defenseless.

The hour for which the conquered races had long waited had come, and if a holy war had been proclaimed it is probable that the French would have been driven from northern Africa.

But the tribes did not rise while the French had their hands full on the other side of the Mediterranean, and the fact was due to their fidelity to a solemne pledge.

When the war broke out a chief of influence among the tribes, Mokrania, gave his word to the governor general of Algeria that there should be no insurrection while the war lasted. The word was faithfully kept. Disaster after disaster followed the French arms. The defeat of the war culminated in the surrender of Biskra.

But a man of the tribes of Kalybia stirred. The Moslem's faith was plighted; the Moslem's faith was kept.

When, however, the last battle had been fought and the treaty of peace signed, Mokrania, then released from his word, gave the governor general notice that in forty-eight hours he would declare war.

The French, released from duty at home, hurried across the Mediterranean. The end was inevitable. Mokrania, seeing that all was lost, put himself at the head of his warriors and fell fighting in the front rank. The French erected a monument to mark the spot where their noble enemy perished.

Where He Was.

"To what do you attribute your good health and remarkably robust condition?"

"To regular habits and early retiring."

"Then you have been so situated that you could carry out these excellent rules for the preservation of the health?"

"Oh, yes. I was in the Illinois penitentiary for twenty-three years."

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LIGHTHOUSE REPAIR SHOP.

Little Building Where Delicate Machinery is Made.

In the reservation of the lighthouse department at St. George, Staten Island, there is an ugly three story building of brick that is the "department store" of the lighthouse service in this country and its foreign possessions. Practically all the delicate machinery used in the lighthouses from the biggest lantern to the smallest order of light, and including the apparatus for blowing fog signals and making the lights flash on gas buoys, is turned out in this place, and not only sent to all the stations in this district, which includes Porto Rico, but also far away as Alaska, and even to the Philippines.

The mechanics employed are all men of the highest grade, for the objects they turn out are delicate and delicate as a rule, to allow of much machine labor, and in addition to this the government has never seen fit to spend sufficient money on the plant to fit it out with such machinery. In a stroll through the workrooms one can see men turning out the delicate brasswork that keeps the flashlights on a gas buoy going for three months at a time, the enormous amount of work required to make a gas lamp, the enormous cost of gas for a working city of a few score, tiny douting stops that serve to keep the oil from overflowing in the lamps after the manner of a student lamp, and the clockwork that keeps revolving lights turning around hour after hour through the long nights.

The only thing they don't make in this department store are the lenses, which are imported from Paris or London. These are "assembled" in these shops, however, and can see lanterns of all sizes in the course of manufacture, from the smallest size used in the service to ones of the power sufficient to go in lighthouses of the first order. Of course the department has to be ready for emergencies in the way of breakdowns of lights, as well as of lightships, and so they not only keep two light vessels at the wharf always ready for instant service, but they also have in this storehouse an emergency light that can be put up anywhere and fitted to take the place of any light of any description, whether it be fixed or revolving, red and white or all red.

New York Press.

Cannon and small arms were introduced in 1300.

Spinning wheels came to the rescue of women in 1550.

The first stereotyping was done in 1813 in New York.

Shirts resembling those now worn were in use in 1830.

Phrenology, "discovered" by Franz Joseph Gall, a Vienna physician, in 1796, became a so called science in 1805.

The first submarine telegraph wire in this country was from Governors Island to the Battery in New York, laid in 1828.

Double entry bookkeeping was first used in the mercantile cities of Italy, notably Venice and Florence, in the fifteenth century.

Schwarz invented gunpowder in 1282. But Roger Bacon, a thirteenth century alchemist, gives a recipe for it in a work of his in 1270.

Natural Wells in Yucatan.

Since Yucatan, where the Mayas built their strange cities, is a coral limestone formation, it would always be a writer in Records of the Past, to be born a barren desert but for its subterranean rivers and the cenotes, or water caverns, which give access to them. The Mayas noted the courses of the underground streams and built their towns round the cenotes. Many cenotes are now found surrounded by ruins and give indications of the methods employed by the Mayas to reach their cool waters. In Uxmal a cenote about forty feet deep is inhabited by a peculiar species of fish. At Bolan there is a cenote having five openings in the rocks at the bottom of the cavern. Ladders made by tying tree trunks together lead down a total distance of 1,400 feet, but the perpendicular depth from the surface to the water is not over 500 feet.

The Mixte in Romania.

Romania is inhabited by a bewildering variety of races, but whether of Greek, Slav or Teutonic origin, the modern Romanian makes it a point of honor to claim descent from the colonists whom Trajan planted in the conquered province of Dacia A. D. 107. Calling themselves Romuni and their language Romunia, the proud citizens seldom draw out a legal document without some allusion to their founder, whom they style "the divine Trajan."

The Romanian language reflects the composition of the race and now but faintly suggests the language which Trajan spoke.

Tennyson's Gruffness.

Apropos of Tennyson's gruffness is a story repeated by the London Chronicle. Tennyson, in his last days gave audience to an American, a friend of Longfellow and Lowell, who was known with credentials. "I hope you don't write," was the cautious old poet's first remark. "No, my lord, and I don't talk!" was the swift reply. This response set Tennyson at his ease, and he at least "talked," to his guest's vast contentment.

Flattered Men.

There is no exaggerated and bare-faced compliment a man will not swallow greedily if it be served by a woman. He suspects it from the lips of another man, but is so innately convinced that woman, his inferior, is always secretly worshiping him and longing for him that he will bolt every sugared pill she offers.—M. A. F.

Job : Printing

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E. F. BODLE'S DRUG STORE

THE ELLENDALE Steam Laundry

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Special Price on Family Washing WILL WASH TWO OR THREE TIMES EACH WEEK

BEST HOTEL IN TOWN RATES, \$2.00 PER DAY

THE IRWIN

J. C. HORNER, Proprietor

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STEAM and HOT WATER HEATING GAS FITTING

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There is a special door that allows the ash pan to go right under the bottom of clean out door, and there is no danger of spilling the least bit of soot or dirt on the floor.

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